

### THE THIRD BATTLE OF YPRES

A Letter Written to R. H. Osborne,  
Toronto, Canada, by his friend  
W. J. Garvoek, a private in  
the Canadian Army

France, June 12, 1916.

Dear Osborne:

I was delighted to get your letter last Monday morning after we had come out of the most terrific experiences, and suffered the fiercest bombardment that the battalion has undergone since it arrived here eighteen months ago.

The daily papers will have given you full details about the part played by the Canadians in the third battle of Ypres. A modern battle in trench warfare is so extensive that one sees only what happens in his immediate vicinity. The forces engaging change rapidly, so severe and tremendous is the onslaught of a modern bombardment. So all I can do is to give you some detached scattered impressions of the fight as it appeared to me.

Our Company was in the front line holding the left of the frontage assigned to our battalion. A marsh separated us from the battalion on our left. Our bay of the trench gutted out from the marsh trench and was named after a certain part of the anatomy which I possessed once, but which I was relieved of after an operation one fine day in Fort William. It was called the appendix.

Thursday night, June 1, was exceptionally quiet along the front. Now and again a flare went up from Fretz's trench, but not a rifle shot cracked the darkness in the trench opposite us. The silence was ominous.

Next morning about nine o'clock the enemy began the bombardment. Every caliber of gun seemed to be used from the heavy howitzers to trench mortars. Not only did they shell the front line trenches but also the communication trenches and supports, and kept up a curtain of fire on the roads in the neighborhood to prevent reinforcements coming up. The shelling was continuous. It was a steady roar so that the earth shook with the reverberations.

The din became monotonous, we could only patiently wait for the shelling to cease or for our artillery to silence the Hun batteries. This is when one feels the strain most. The shells explode all around one and one can do nothing but stand it. When one is active he does not notice things happening around him.

The bombardment lifted about two o'clock in the afternoon and the Bosches came over and occupied part of our trenches away on our right. By this time we heard that the Company on our right was wiped out. We were glad to learn afterward that this was not correct. Our Company was completely cut off from communication with other troops and was the only Company in what originally was our front line.

We kept a close watch thru the periscope for any move on Fretz's part in the trench opposite. Crack, went our periscope. We put up another one. It met the same fate as the first one. The Hun sniper was on his job. No sooner had my chum, Sherwood, taken his position at the new periscope when he exclaimed, "Look Bill! There's a raft of Huns looking over the parapet." I was oiling some bombs at the time. I left my task and peered through the periscope. The trench opposite seemed to be filled with men. Their blue caps bobbed up and down over the parapet like floats in a wave. Then a face appeared. Next, one fellow nervier than the others, raised himself on the parapet, as if he were about to lead a charge. We took our places in the bay prepared to meet Fretz with fixed rifles and bombs. But he never came. We breathed more easily.

Thruout the afternoon we could hear the shells from our batteries whistling high above. Nothing untoward happened in the evening. Then as soon as darkness covered the land, Hell broke loose in all its ferocity. Star shells or flares went up from Fretz's trench by the thousands. Red, green and white lights squirted from his trench and spread their rays of light like streams from an electric fountain, making the night almost like day. "Tat! tat! tat!" the musketry rattled all along the line. Then above all was the deafening crash of bursting shrapnel and high explosives. The air was filled with opaque smoke punctuated with vivid flashes of exploding shrapnel. After half an hour the bombardment lessened. The night wore on slowly. Then, at midnight the enemy's guns opened up again. We stood on the fire board, and opened rapid fire. We could hear our shells whistling overhead and exploding in the enemy trenches. The bombardment continued in intensity around our trench for about

an hour. Fretz sent over rifle grenades too with nice accuracy and painfully wounded some of the fellows in the bay adjoining us. Then, just as dawn began to break, our officer ordered what was left of us, when we were completely cut off from assistance, to join the reinforcements in the rear.

Down the trench we went for a short distance, then into the open over ground churned into soup, and honey-combed with shell holes. Bullets whistled all around us and shrapnel repeatedly burst above us. But the forty-five of us gained the trench with only one casualty. One man was slightly wounded in the arm. In trench parlance we received a nice Blighty. Blighty is synonymous with England.

We found this trench filled with reinforcements. We stayed there all that day. At night the bombardment opened up afresh on our right where a counter attack was launched by fresh troops to regain the ground lost in the afternoon. We are glad to say that all of the ground lost has been regained, and some of Fretz's territory as well.

Early Sunday morning we were relieved. In small batches we made our way hurriedly through the communication trench, blown in, in numerous places. Our hearts rejoiced at the prospect of getting respite from the turmoil for awhile, but in turn they became saddened at the horrible sight which we saw of the aftermath of battle. As we reached a ravine, we could see a long line of stretcher-bearers behind a rise in the ground.

We arrived at headquarters, tired, dirty and hungry, but cheerful and thankful for getting out of it alive. Steaming tea, bread and butter and jam were awaiting us. After breakfast we were shown dugouts where we got a much needed rest. That night we moved off to rest billets in the rear.

At present we are billeted in a barn in the most delightful part of rural France. Only during a most intense bombardment does the rumble of guns reach us here. Shade trees and pleasant fields abound. The birds sing merrily and the frogs in a near by pond raise their voices in song every evening. The music is sweeter to the ear than the shrieking shrapnel or the whistling bullets. We welcome this period of rest.

### Academy Column

#### COMMUNITY CENTER SONG The Fellowship of Folks (Air: "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes" Or: "Auld Lang Syne")

1  
Come close and let us wake the joy  
Our fathers used to know,  
When to the little old schoolhouse  
Together they would go.  
And neighbor's heart to neighbor  
warmed  
In thought for common good.  
We'll strike that fine old chord  
again—  
A song of Neighborhood!

2  
Out in the world we all have learned  
The strain of toil and care.  
It's dimmed the visions of our youth,  
Of joys that all might share.  
In thought for self, we've all but  
lost  
That youth-born faith in men.  
Come 'neath this common roof,  
for here  
It kindles bright again.

3  
The fathers clove the wilderness  
And make a clearing here,  
Then, at its heart, this friendly roof  
They joined their hands to rear;  
And here they met and talked and  
planned  
A larger common weal.  
Their Future we are living now.  
We, here, their purpose feel.

4  
That little old schoolhouse is gone.  
It's friendliness must stay.  
The strength it gave our fathers' hearts  
Our own hearts need today.  
Great is the task that waits our  
hands;  
The power of each is small.  
Uniting in this Common Place  
Comes forth the might of all.

#### Camel Carriages.

Camel carriages are not common conveyances in most parts of India, but on the great trunk road leading to Delhi they are frequently to be seen. They are large, double story wagons, drawn sometimes by one, sometimes by two or even three camels, according to their size. Iron bars which give them a cage-like appearance were originally intended as a defense against robbers, and the carts were probably also used for the conveyance of prisoners.

### Normal Column

#### A CALL FOR "BETTER HOMES" DOMESTIC SCIENCE By Maud Mason of Leslie County Wootton Graded School

I hear a sound as loud as ever Gabriel can sound, echoing up and down these narrow crooked valleys of the hills, pleading for a better home movement to rise and summons the old and dilapidated homes to forfeit their claim for existence and deed their space to modern and convenient homes.

I don't mean to point out any particular home, but speaking of homes in general; none of them are good enough to shelter the virtue of the girls of the hills, or the manhood of the young men.

Don't understand that I, by any means say that all of them are so imperfect, but as a whole they are. Now will you consider with me the reason why we do not have better homes? I shall say that it is an excused fault of the mothers—I say they are excused because they never knew the many demands of mothers and fathers. They never had an opportunity to learn how to make better homes. The mothers are not responsible for all the home; but, as they are superintendent of the home, they are responsible for the care of the home and children, and as the fathers are the superintendents of the belongings around the home they are responsible for that part. The children, especially the girls, believe in what mother says and does, and unless the mothers have had home training they cannot train their children to be the best moral men and women of the world. The people of the mountains are an isolated people, they have not seen enough of the world to know how to live the right kind of life in its fullest meaning. Did you know that a large per cent of the widows and orphans, drunkards, bad boys and girls, and divorce cases are due to lack of home training? Of course they are. Then does it pay to teach the girls domestic science in order that they may make better homes for the future, and teach the future generation better ways of living.

The purpose of domestic science is a part of the education of which woman's life is assured.

### Vocational Column

#### MORE INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION NECESSARY

By Burton Kelly

In looking over the census reports and other statistics gathered by government officials we find that a great majority of the citizens of the United States are engaged in some industrial pursuit for the sole purpose of making an honest living. Thousands of these people are working along in a sort of mechanical way, doing possibly the best they know, but still are not very successful. Possibly many of them are in the class called "educated" but their condition is not what it should be.

I think one great need of the people of this country is more education in the industrial line. Many young men and young women spend the first twenty or twenty-five years of their lives going over a lot of hard and technical studies, the greater part of which is forgotten before middle life, and consequently has been of but very little use to them. The reason for this is that a large part of what they study has no bearing on their life work, or business. In fact the school spirit has had a tendency in many cases to divert the attention from the practical side of life.

I think the school courses should be so altered as to give the young people a chance to learn something that will be of value to them in their respective lines of industry. Of course we must have our academies and colleges with their classical courses, but it is impossible for all to be doctors, lawyers, professors, etc., and consequently we should have more vocational schools and more vocational studies in our public schools.

We only have to examine the records and observe the progress of countries which emphasize the industrial side of education to see its good results. For example we may consider the schools of Germany. In that country every one is taught some useful trade or occupation—something adapted to the needs of their particular locality and we can see the economic results of it at the present.

In preparing a course of study we cannot adhere to any fixed set of outlines. Different localities have different problems just as the mountain people have problems different from the people of the "Blue Grass Region." The people of the city have a different problem from the people of the country.

The boy who has completed a high-school course evidently has a greater knowledge of classical things than he otherwise would have had; but he is very little better prepared to make a living in the industrial world than the boy who had not had this work. Neither is the boy who has had no high school work as well prepared as the one who has, and consequently, when we consider how comparatively few boys graduate from high school, we see why society must suffer. In my opinion a combination of the high school course with an industrial course would come nearer to meeting the demands of the people of today.

The boy who lives back in the country and studies the things that deal with the city is not getting the things he needs; but nevertheless this is true in many places. It has been the custom for so long that the parents have become used to it and many object seriously when a thing practical and useful to their teacher undertakes to teach some children.

But these things are becoming absolutely necessary and if the country is to prosper it must not neglect this line of work.

The time is at hand when the farmer must know how to farm his land profitably and at the same time build up the land, if he hopes to succeed. He must also be a good manager, have some business ability, and be able to meet strong competition.

The world is demanding better workmen and tradesmen. It is getting away from the old "hap-hazard" way of doing things. People are paid for what they know as well as for what they can do. There is a poor opportunity for the man who does not know how to do something worth while and how to do it well. To a very large extent our happiness depends upon our success in life. Homes are made more pleasant and comfortable if there is a good income. Better education for the younger generations is possible. People have more money to spend and consequently business is better. It is an economic question as well as a social question.

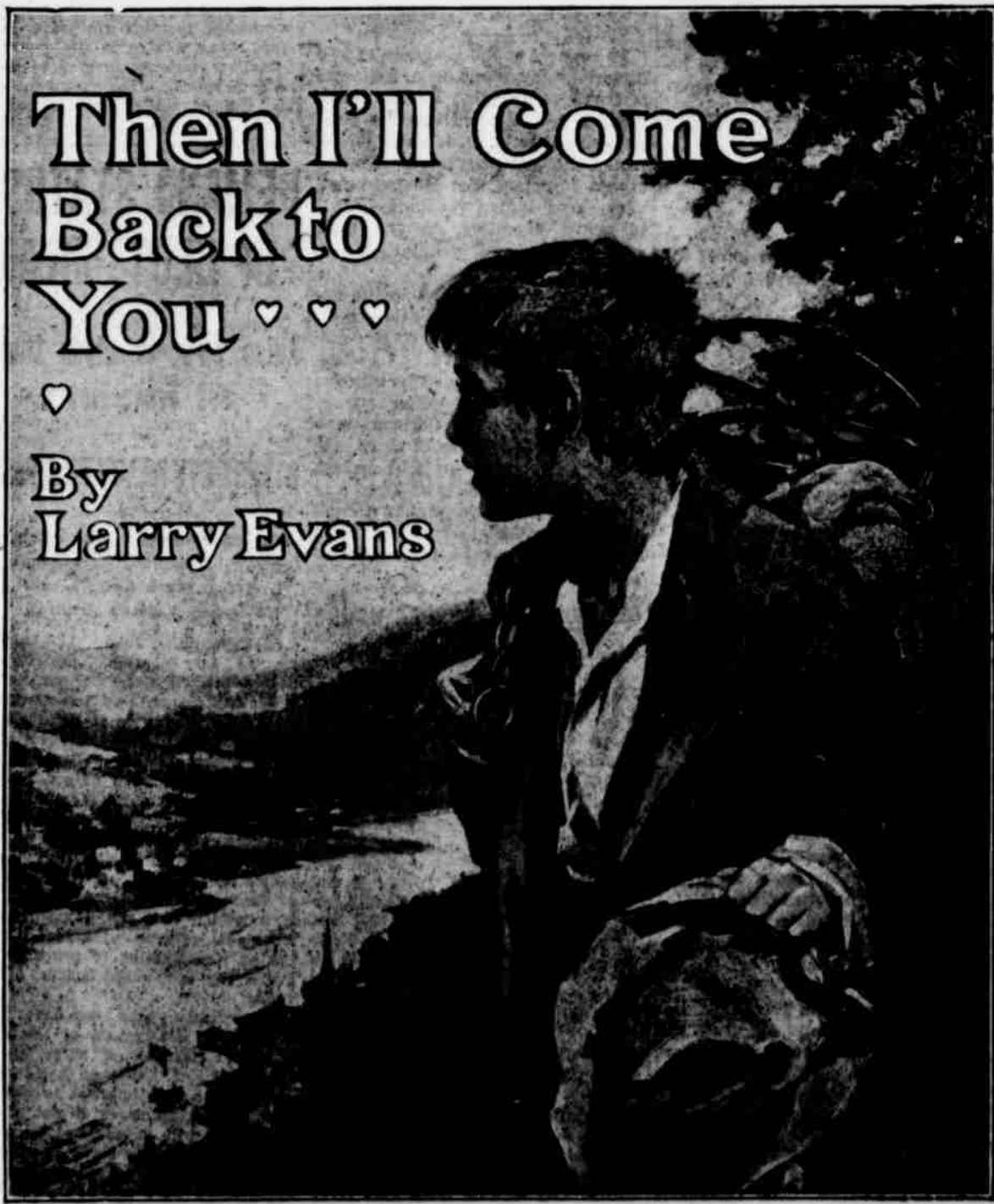
#### Left Hand Salute.

To salute with the left hand is a deadly insult to Mohammedans in the east.

## WATCH THIS NEWSPAPER FOR A GREAT SERIAL STORY!

# Then I'll Come Back to You ♥ ♥ ♥

By  
Larry Evans



Gripping, Fascinating, Full of Real Heart Interest.  
Start With the First Installment of

## "Then I'll Come Back to You"

#### DO YOU KNOW THAT

Intelligent motherhood conserves the nation's best crop?  
Heavy eating like heavy drinking shortens life?

The registration of sickness is even more important than the registration of deaths?

The U. S. Public Health Service co-operates with state and local authorities to improve rural sanitation?

Many a severe cold ends in tuberculosis?

Sedentary habits shorten life?

Neglected adenoids and defective teeth in childhood menace adult health?

A low infant mortality rate indicates high community intelligence?

#### Legitimate Occupation.

"That beauty doctor is fooling those pretty girls taking his treatment. He ought to be arrested."

"His is a recognized business; he's merely grafting peaches."—Baltimore American.

#### Box Trees of Aalsmeer.

Aalsmeer, Holland, is noted for its strawberries and the clipped box tree. This local industry, which has been brought to a perfection unknown elsewhere, has been carried on for at least 200 years, as the village records show. The nurseries are most curious and interesting. In the rich peaty soil box trees grow in every size and shape.